

Maxwell's Crossing

Shelton State Courier's Annual Literary and Fine Arts Publication



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Making It

A Memoir
By Bo Carver

I can't just say one morning I woke up and I felt as if the world had crumbled beneath my feet; I can't honestly say that everything I had done before that day meant nothing; and I can't believe that it just happened.

One day I had the painful realization that life was not what I wanted it to be and that trying only pushed what I wanted farther away. That day I felt farther from everyone than I ever had and, I hope, ever will.

In the summer before my senior year of high school I found myself alone sitting in my room doing nothing for most of my time. I was rarely hungry and I had no desire to do anything at all. Memories that I had long since suppressed were finally returning. These memories I had blocked for so long would reverberate in my mind for days on end. My mother knew something was wrong, but she really couldn't tell just how deep the roots were.

I grew up in rural Alabama where I still reside. I attended a small elementary school and I was such a happy boy in my first few years there. I always

See *Making It*
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Daydream: A Modern-Day Fairy Tale

By Adrian Holliman

She allowed herself to daydream that afternoon.

It had started with a simple question. As she had left school that day, Megan had casually asked, "Are you going to the dinner tomorrow night?"

Kylie had casually replied, "Don't think so. Working."

As good an answer as any, she supposed. She did have to work, but even if she didn't she wouldn't be going. It was a "couples only" dinner and no one had asked her. Of course, no one had ever said it was a couples only dinner, but the underlying knowledge was that one just didn't go alone.

Kylie took her hands from her piano keyboard, propped her chin in her hand and stared out the window to the golden trees beyond.

Truth be told, she wanted to go. She wanted to be asked. And she knew who she wanted



"Mirror Image" by Colby Oliver

to ask her. And she knew how it would happen.

It would be a slightly awkward moment, when she was asked. Brett wasn't the talkative type, and when he did speak he spoke in a soft yet refined voice. He would pull her aside, and, his blue eyes fixed on the ground in front of him, he would politely ask what she had planned for Friday evening.

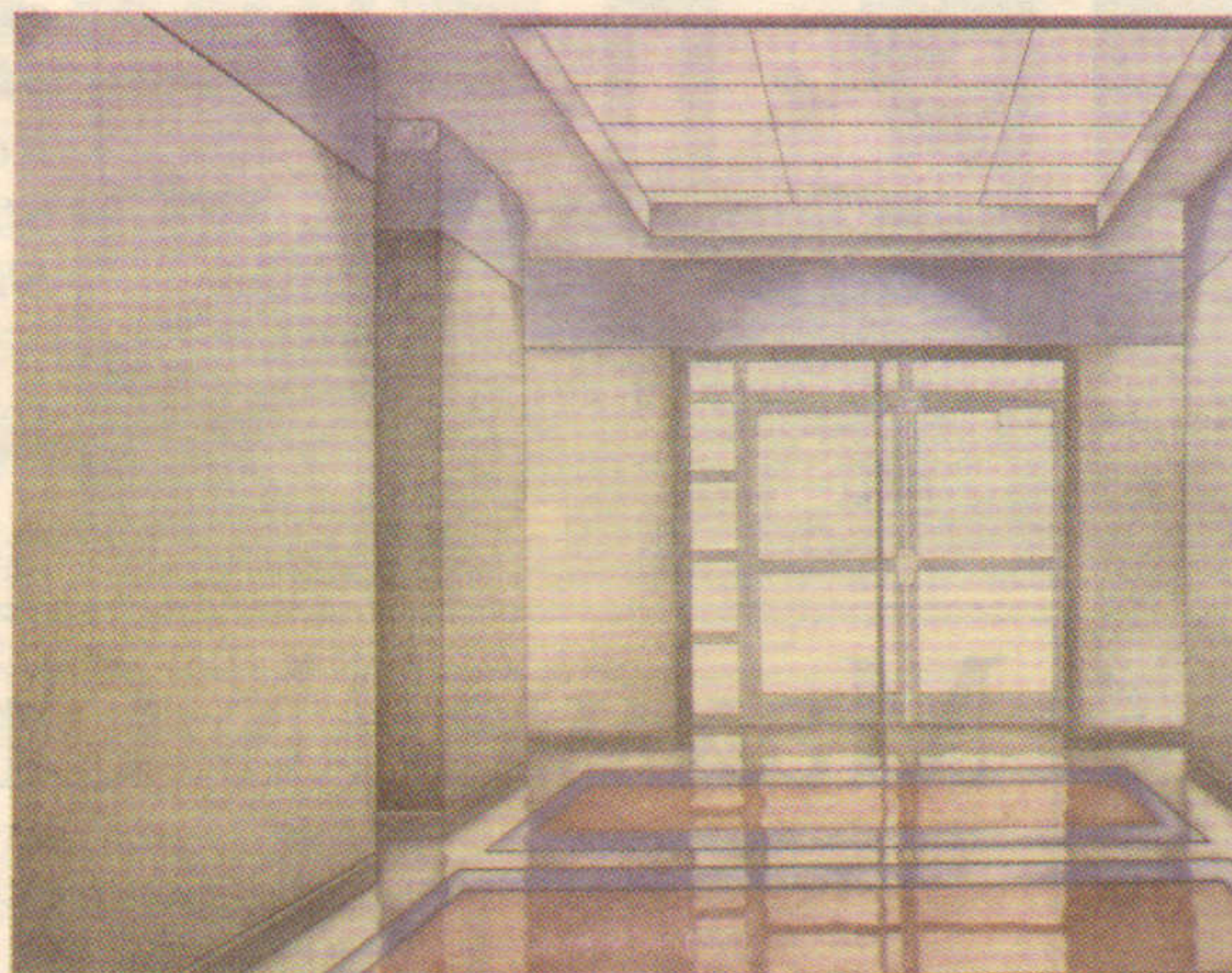
I'll be at work, she would reply with a little dejection in her voice.

He would ask, without looking up, what time did she get off work?

Six, she would tell him, forcing herself not to jump to conclusions about why he was inquiring. She would say, why do you ask?

He would shrug, and his gaze would shift to the wall

See *Daydream*
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Entrances, Exits & Inside

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by Lindsey Cunningham

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Daydream From Page 1

across the room. Just curious, he would say. I was wondering – his gaze would finally slide over to meet hers – if you'd join me at the dinner?

Her heart would leap to her throat, and she would be very literally speechless for a moment or so. Eventually she would regain her words, saying, Brett – I'd be honored.

He would grin in a relieved, almost boyish, manner, and say that he'd been afraid she would say no.

Kylie would giggle quietly, saying such things were...highly unlikely.

Brett would grin again and shrug again. Then he would ask if she'd want him to pick her up or would she rather meet him at the school?

She would reply, I'll meet you. It's a long way to my place.

After the meeting was over, she would go frantically in search of a dress and shoes appropriate a dinner like this – she owned none, as she had never had an occasion to own or wear finery before.

Then Friday night, dressed in a simple black evening gown that fell to her mid-calves and swirled around her legs as she moved, she would meet Brett at the side door of the school. He would be dressed in a black suit and white shirt, his pale brown hair nicely combed and his tie perfectly straight. He would offer her his arm, and with a feeling of incredulity, she would take it. He would lead her down the halls she knew so well to the gymnasium-turned-ballroom, and assist her to her seat. It would be a lovely meal, served with a fairy-tale quality to it, and she would quietly listen as Brett and his friends at the table discussed (or argued about) what ever came to mind.

After dinner, the gymnasium would be cleared, and the couples would mingle among dimmed lights and candles. There would be some dancing, and Kylie and Brett would dance a couple times, though neither really knew how.

Eventually, though, Brett would lead them through a walk of the school lawn, and they would just talk. Their conversation would touch on nearly everything: history, philosophy, ethics, politics, even astronomy or literature. In the process, they would learn more about the other's life and family.

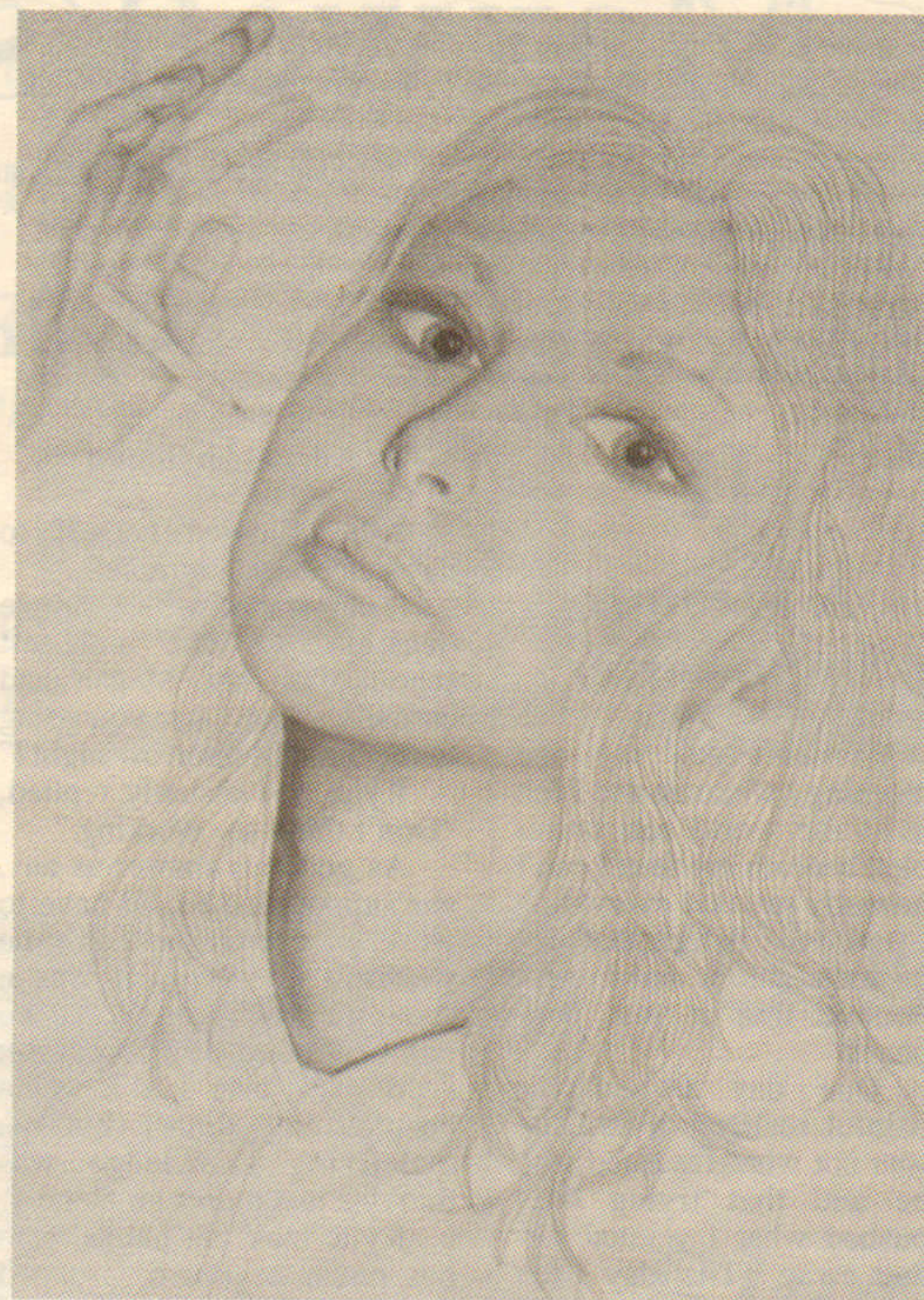
Sadly, the night would end, and Brett would walk Kylie back to her car. She would thank him for the lovely evening and for dancing with her and inviting her. His face would take on his embarrassed look again, and he would again find the ground fascinating. Don't mention it, he would say. It was my honor, Kylie. Then, on impulse, he would reach out, wrap an arm around her shoulder in a hug, and bid her goodnight.

The gesture would so surprise her that she would run a red light or two on her way home.

Kylie snapped out of her daydream to hear her telephone ringing insistently. Standing from her piano, she ran to her kitchen to answer it. She grabbed the handset.

"Hello?" she said.

"Kylie?" It was Brett's familiar, soft tones. "Kylie, it's Brett..."



"Daydreamer" by Nikki Johnson

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All artwork in this issue of Maxwell's Crossing, except "Alabama Blues," was produced in Robert Hendrickson's Studio Art class at Shelton State.

Artwork titles were selected by the editorial staff of Maxwell's Crossing

Maxwell's Crossing

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The Shelton State Courier and Maxwell's Crossing are campus publications, written and produced with the help of students.

Among other functions, they are intended as a vehicles for student expression, and all students are urged to participate with submissions of written and artistic material.

The college seeks to ful-

fill the statement for academic freedom in working with the students in the production of this paper.

All publications are subject to review by the Publications Action Group, which has been delegated the responsibility to review all college publications for content and accuracy.

The Courier is an equal opportunity employer and student organization.

344-5111

Shelton Music Department Christmas Concert

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Shelton Singers; Shelton
Jazz Ensemble; Shelton
Brass Ensemble

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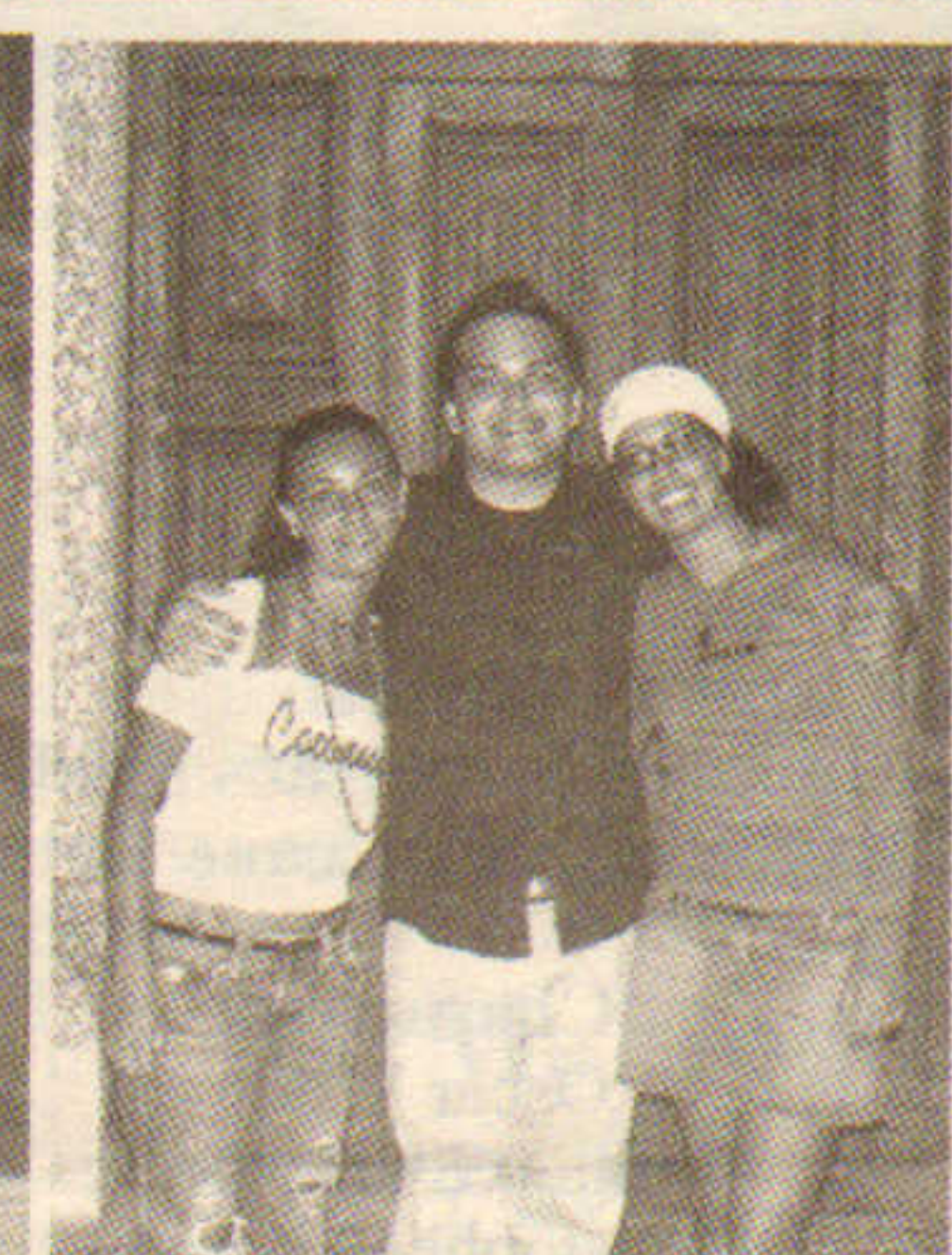
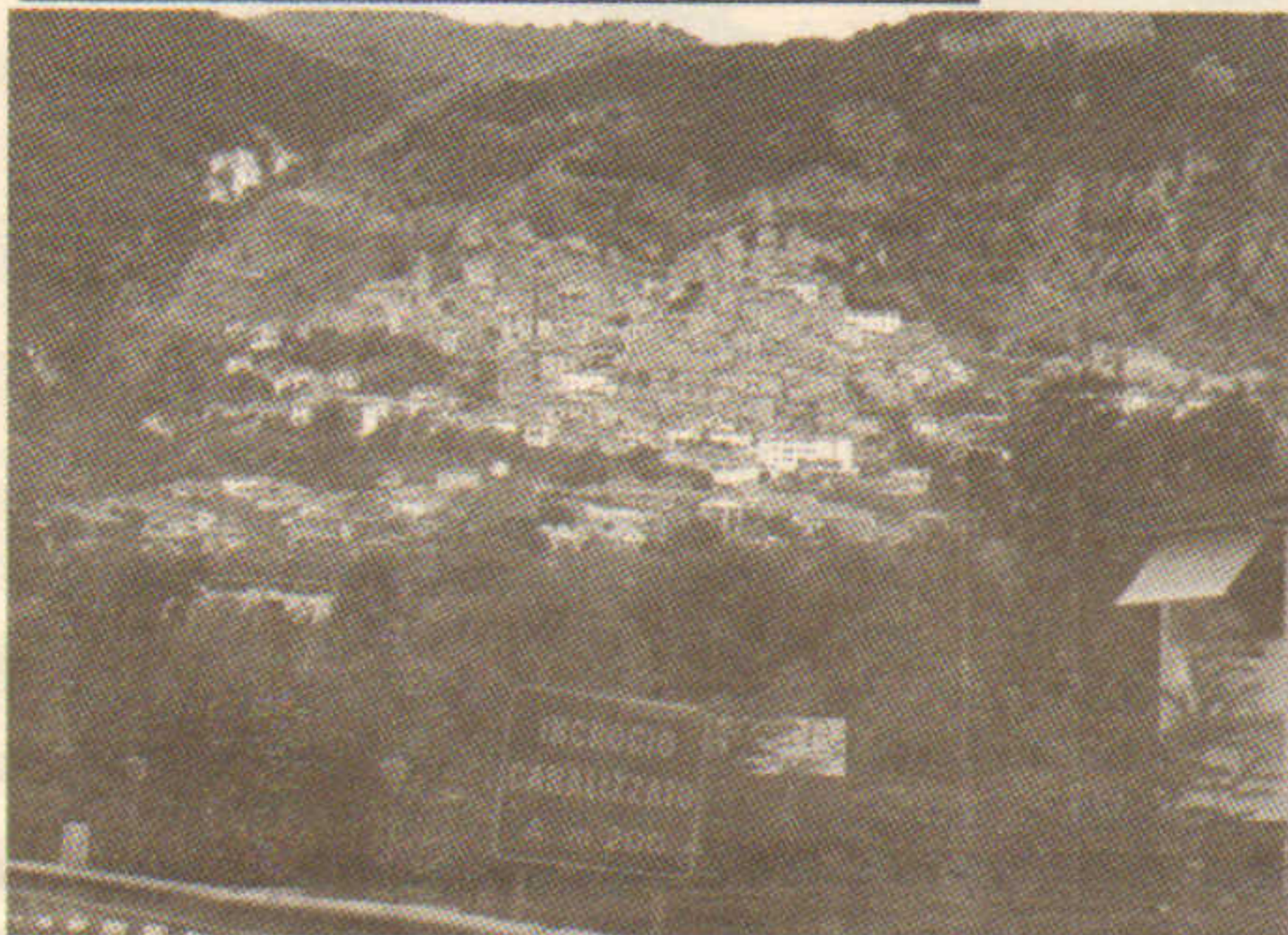
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Michael Celozzi's First Trip Home to Italia



The Holy Birth

by Susan Mohun at Age 11

Jesus, our Savior
was born one night
in a Bethlehem stable
and He is our light

Wise Men and Shepherds
donkeys and sheep
watched little Jesus
as He did sleep

They knew He was special
A God and a King
as He slept in the manger
they wanted to sing

The stars in the sky
were bright with God's love
the babe's name was called Jesus
a gift from above

Yes, that night was special
as special as could be
because that's when God sent Jesus
and showed His love for me



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The Importance of Being Oscar When There Is Much Ado About William

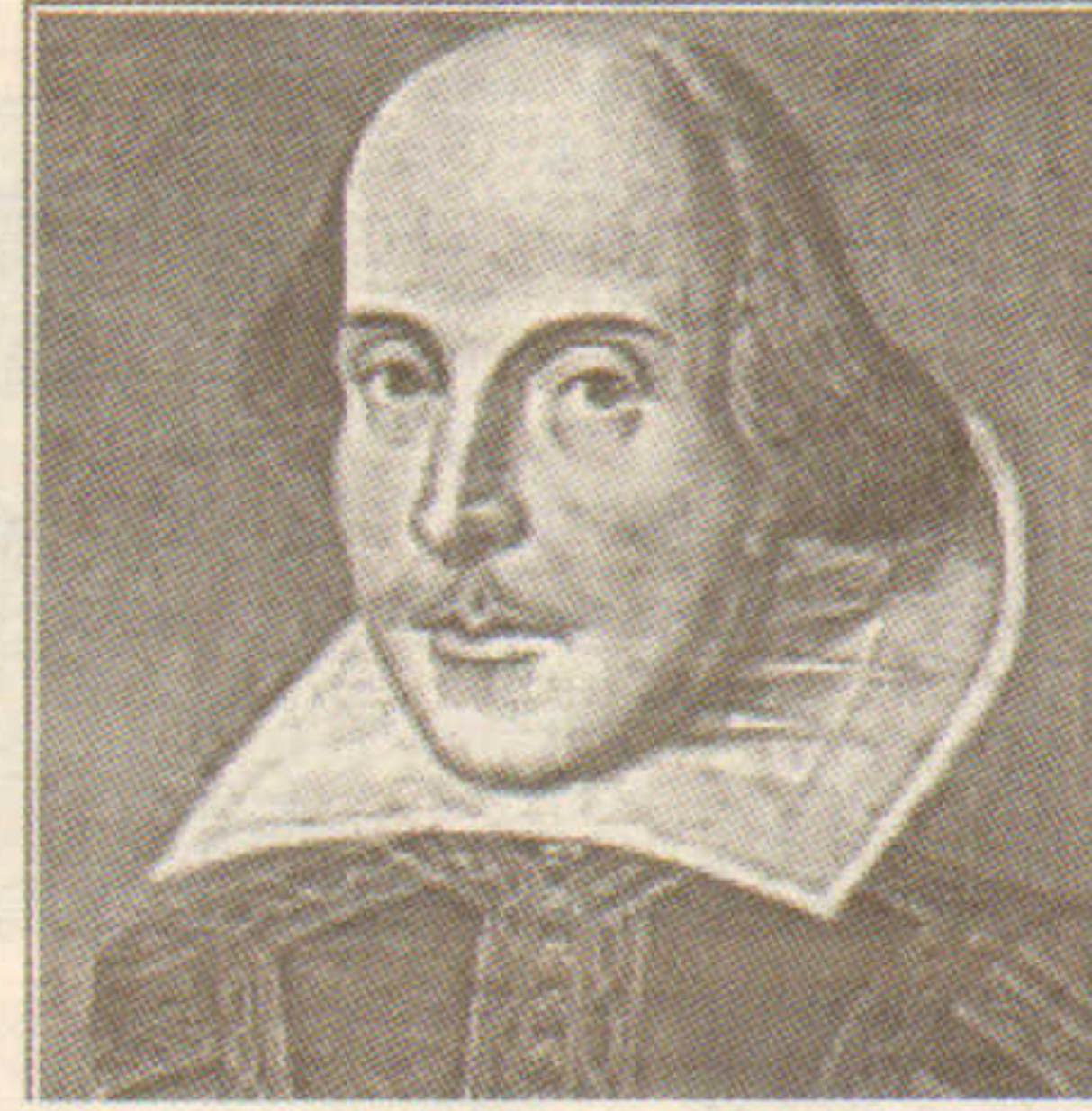
or Wits: A One Act Play



Oscar Wilde



Christopher
Marlowe



William
Shakespeare



Edgar Allen Poe

By Henri Cheramie
Incoming New Orleans Student
Displaced by Hurricane Katrina

Characters:

Oscar Wilde
William Shakespeare
Christopher Marlowe
Edgar Allan Poe

Setting:

Marlowe's Artist Bar in Purgatory,
east of Hell

Time:

Infinity

Lights up. We see the inside of Marlowe's bar. Over the door a sign states "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here. No spitting." Marlowe is behind the bar, an eye patch over one eye and the handle of an ice pick sticking out of his neck. In one corner, Edgar Allan Poe is writing something. He is surrounded by bottles. On the table is a cage with a raven inside. It squawks loudly. Poe is slowly getting annoyed.

Poe: Shut your beak! You are the reason I'm here!

The bird squawks back at him. Poe imitates the bird. The squawking argument reaches great volumes. Marlowe has had enough.

Marlowe: I have asked you not to bring that filthy animal in here. He's scaring away all the customers!

Poe: What customers?

Marlowe: Exactly.

Poe: Heh. Odd. I always thought it was that ice pick jutting out of your neck.

Marlowe is about to say something when the door slams open. In stumbles William Shakespeare. He saunters up to the bar.

Shakespeare: Barkeep! A tankard of ale.

Marlowe: (sarcastically) Anything for the world's greatest bard.

Shakespeare: (Taking a moment) Wait...is that...you...Marlowe?

Poe: No. It's Queen Elizabeth.

Shakespeare: No, she has more facial hair. Marlowe! That is you!

Marlowe: Really?

Shakespeare: Sorry to hear about the...whole...ice pick thing...

Marlowe: Not half as sorry as I.

(Hands him the ale)

Shakespeare: Heh. Stabbed to death in a bar...and here you are now working in one.

Marlowe: Yes. How poetic.

The door swings open again. A man dressed in a pink suit coat walks through the door. This is Oscar Wilde. He looks up at the sign.

Oscar: How predictable. Barkeep! Gin and Tonic please!

Shakespeare stifles a laugh. Oscar ignores it. He's too busy staring at Marlowe.

Oscar: Did you know you have an ice pick in your neck?

Marlowe hands Oscar his drink, angrily.

Oscar: Boy, It's a hot one, isn't it?

(Looks at William) Will? William Shakespeare? How are you?

William: Are you talking to me?

Oscar: How funny! Why of course I'm talking to you.

William gets up and sits at a table. Oscar follows him.

Oscar: I've always wanted to meet you. Let me tell you, in my day, your plays were absolutely adored! We loved the...quaint...way you used language.

William: In my day, men like you were locked up for suspicion of character.

Oscar: Me? Suspicion? And you with men dressed as women on stage...

William: Listen you ...person...I don't have to take this from the likes of you. I wrote the book on playwriting. You and your contemporaries tore the pages out and p***** all over them! You called what you did comedy? It was nothing but a bunch of wealthy aristocracy gallivanting and complaining about how good they had it!

Oscar: Well. I'm sorry I couldn't write humor that appealed to the lowest common denominator. My humor, good man, came in the form of making fun of the aristocracy.

William: But the common man wouldn't get that. My plays made sure the common man was in on the joke, not the butt of it.

Oscar: But you see, dear fellow, in my plays, the common man makes the Aristocracy the butt of the jokes.

William: They do not.

Oscar: Yes they do.

William: Do not

Oscar: Do.

William: Do not! Do not! Do not!

Oscar: I do so love it when you are angry!

William: My work was all about bringing entertainment to the masses. I wrote in a language that everyone could enjoy. Your work sounded like you needed a translator and a hand book in order to understand it. All those double entendres. In my time, it was what you said and how you said it.

Oscar: Well at least I had wit. In my time, it wasn't what you said, it's how you said it, and what you meant when you said it. Are you thirsty? Let me get you another drink. Barkeep! Another Ale and an...ICED...Coffee please!

Marlowe angrily complies. He pours the ale for Shakespeare, grabs a mug, then pulls out his ice pick, chips at some ice from a block, replaces his pick in his neck, pours coffee in the mug. He walks over to the table and slams the drinks down. All while staring at Oscar.

Oscar: Thank you.

Marlowe: Sissy.

Oscar: Pin Cushion.

William: Thank you

Oscar: Don't mention it.

William: I appreciate it.

Oscar: Didn't I just ask you not to mention it.

William: Sorry.

Oscar: Well, would you look at the time, I really must be going. I'd love to sit here and chat all day, but I don't want to die of boredom. God knows I've died once, and I don't want to do that again. Barkeep! My Bill please!

Marlowe writes out a bill. Oscar gets up and walks to the bar.

Oscar: Yes, here you go. Six dollars for one Gin and Tonic and one Iced Coffee.

William: And my ale!

Oscar: My dear man, I said I'd get you another drink, not buy it for you. It really is what you say and how you say it.

Oscar Exits. Poe, who has been sitting in the corner all along starts giggling.

William: And what can I do for you, inebriate?

Poe: Nothing. You've never done a thing for me.

William: What do you mean?

Poe: I've always preferred Moliere.

William begins to weep.

Marlowe: I love this job.

Lights down

The End

Making It From Page 3

school I found that if I told my teachers that I was taking medication they would cut me slack. It was probably the worst thing they could have done, but they really just wanted to help. I took my pills daily and saw the psychiatrist frequently, but I changed absolutely nothing for myself. I just thought that my problems would be resolved if I took my medication. It's terrible to look back only a year and realize how dumb I was then.

My attitude and attendance only grew worse as the semester progressed. My teachers didn't know what to do, and my friends had no idea what was going on with me. I had shut them all out of my life because I didn't want anyone to know that with each day that passed I felt more and more like my life was worthless. I wanted to get out; I really wanted to die.

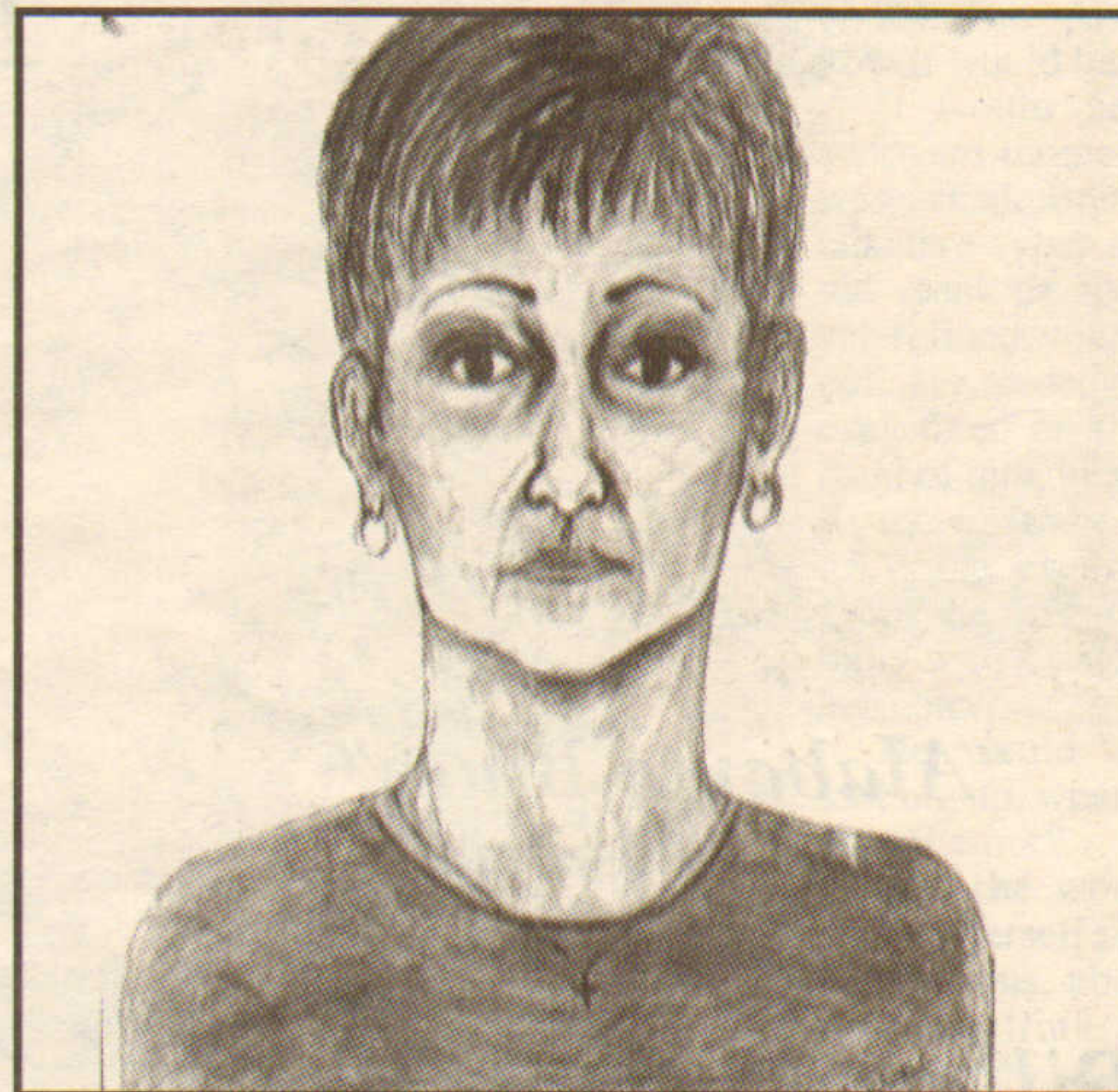
Everything seemed to get worse and worse for me. Everyone thought I needed to be disciplined more by my mother. My psychiatrist lectured me in each and every session about how I never did anything I didn't want to do. She was right and I was too dumb to understand it. I found myself in an oblivious and apathetic world. It was as if I had been thrown into a deep pit with no hope of climbing out. I knew I had hit rock bottom when I found myself sitting in my car at the end of my driveway thinking of the best place that I could drive it off the road and make it look like an accident. I knew just how I could end it, and I knew where.

Just then when I had decided to take my last drive the light at the end of the tunnel appeared. As I looked down to put my car into gear, I saw a folded piece of paper. There was nothing fancy about it—just a piece of notebook paper folded into a square with my name on the outside. It was a note from my girlfriend. I unfolded it and read each and every word slowly and carefully. There was nothing overly romantic, just a few lines about how her day had been. When I got to the bottom I saw she had signed it "Love Always, Heather." I shed my first tear in years when I thought about leaving her. When I thought of the sad look that would have been on her face when she heard what had happened to me, I wept.

I turned off my engine and went back into my house where I read the note over and over. I spent hours thinking about how many good things I did have in my life. The good things I hadn't even noticed until three little words brought some sense into this dull head of mine. I actually remembered wonderful times with my father and how obvious it was that he loved

me. I finally realized how concerned my mother was for me. In one day, I pored over all that I had pushed away and forgotten.

I walked back to my room and saw the bottle of pills I had to take daily. I seized the bottle with an angry hand and threw it. These pills had no answers for me. I realized in that day that I had to find the answers for myself. I still have problems that I know I must work on, but each day I do try to work on them, and I do know that only I can find my answers. Now, every day I get my strength from the joy I have known and the happiness I know I will find if I only look.



"Self Portrait" by Suzi Shuckert



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When I Sought His Face

By Ernest Metcalf

When I sought his face
With the measure of faith,
I knew I would soon hear His word.

And He said to me
I could be like a tree,
Growing in the courts of the Lord.

My soul He would keep
If only I'd seek
Him and depend on His word.

For I was like a dry weed
In constant need,
Trusting only in self to succeed.

I was playing the world's game,
Profaning God's name
Not knowing good when it came.

Bound by Man's thinking
I surely was sinking
Deeper in sin and despair.

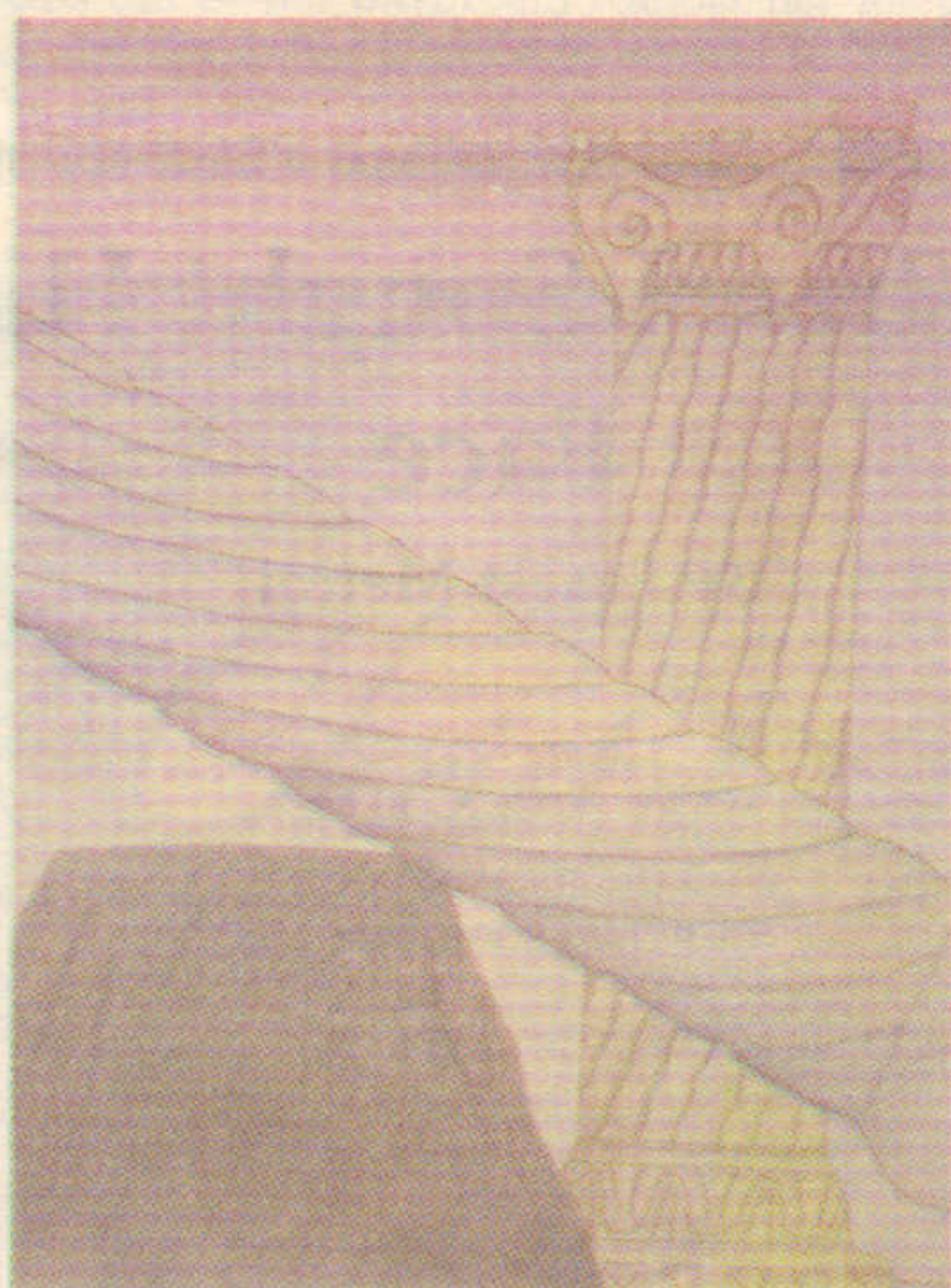
But when I believed
I by grace was received,
And I of his throne became heir.



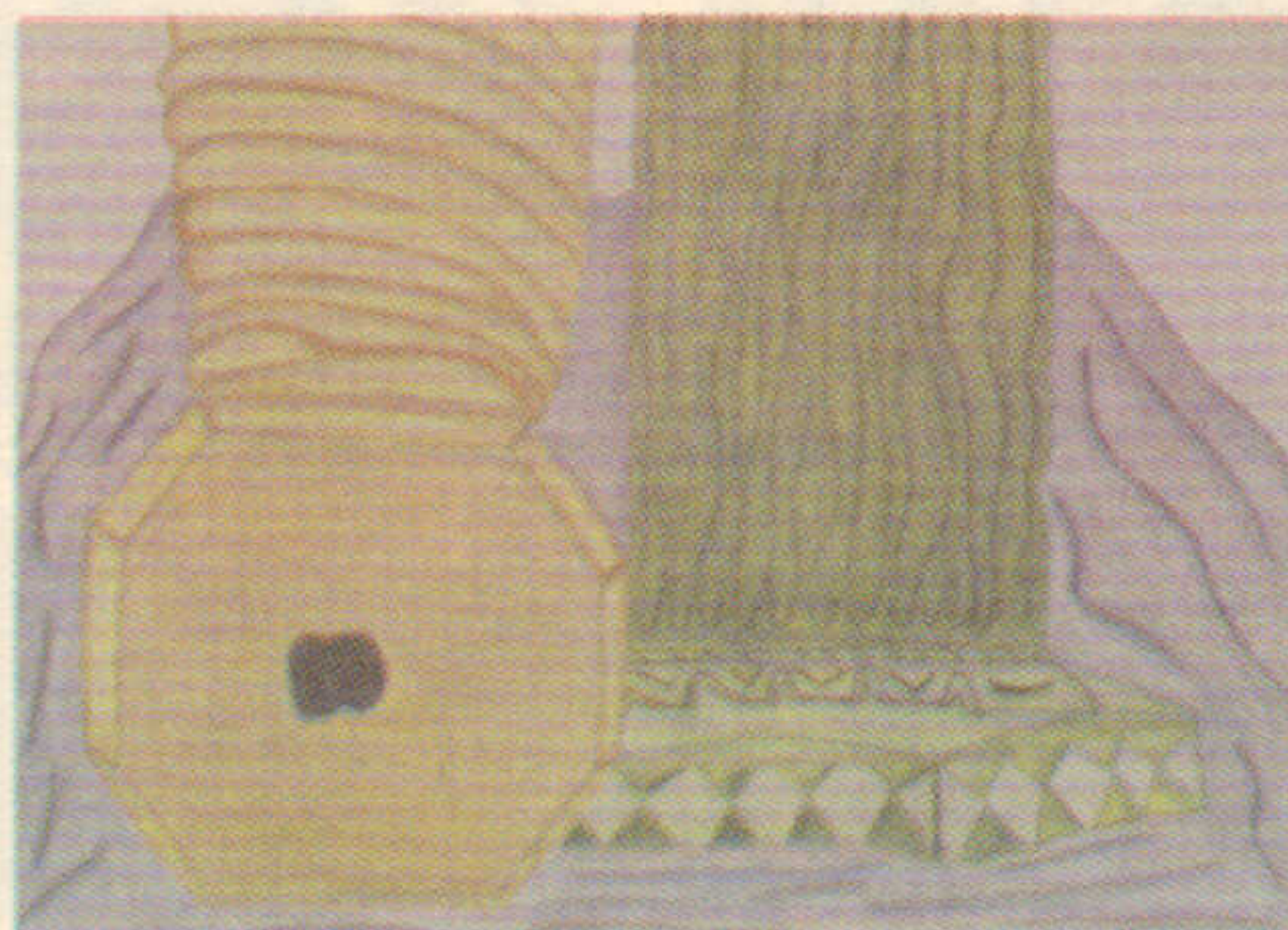
"Alabama Blues"

By Tammy Anita Rice

"Pillars of Geometry"



By Kelly Prisoc



By Mallory Christian

**"Still
Life `a
la
Pablo"**

By Kelly
Prisoc

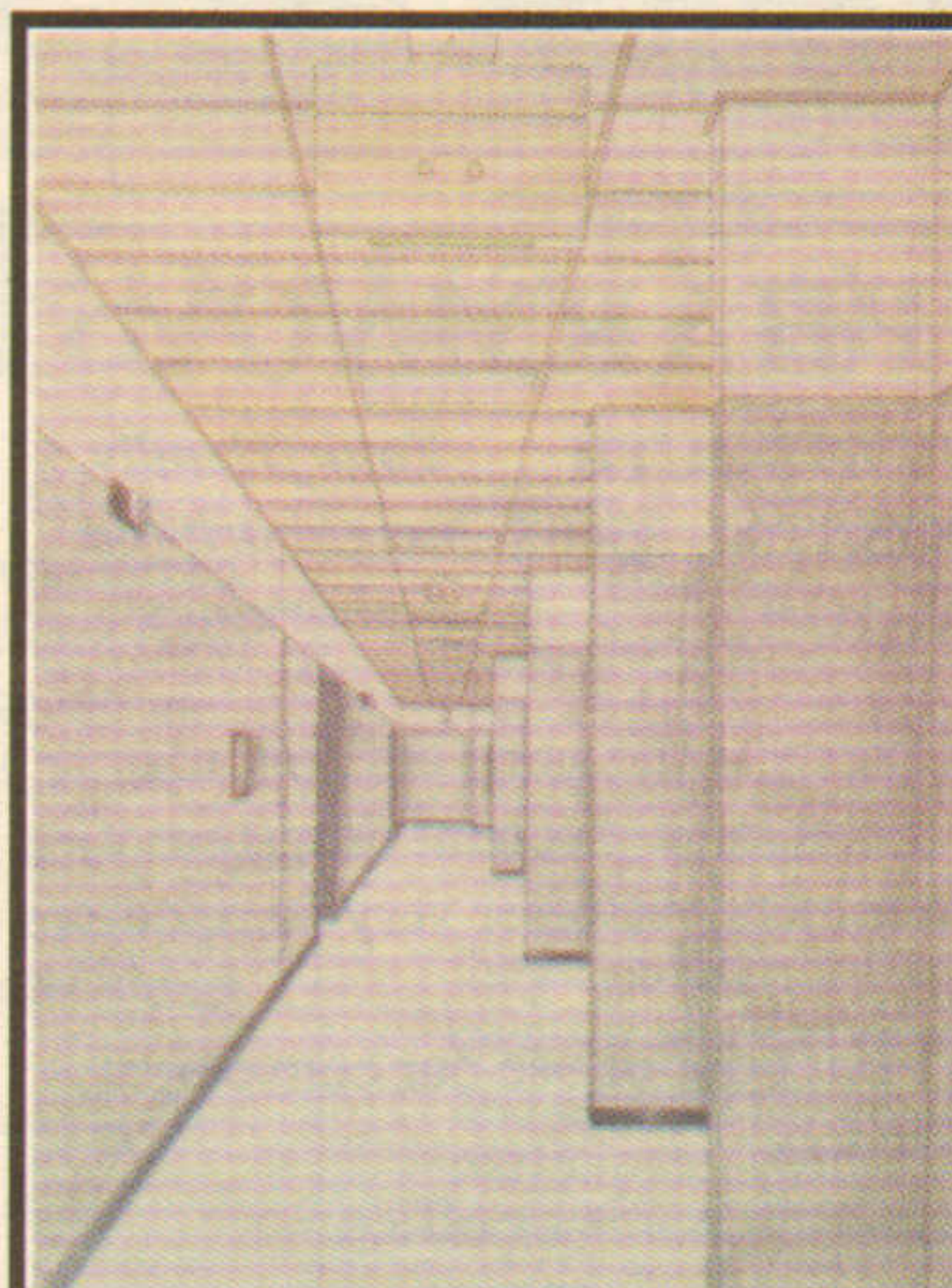


**"Girl
in
Blue"**

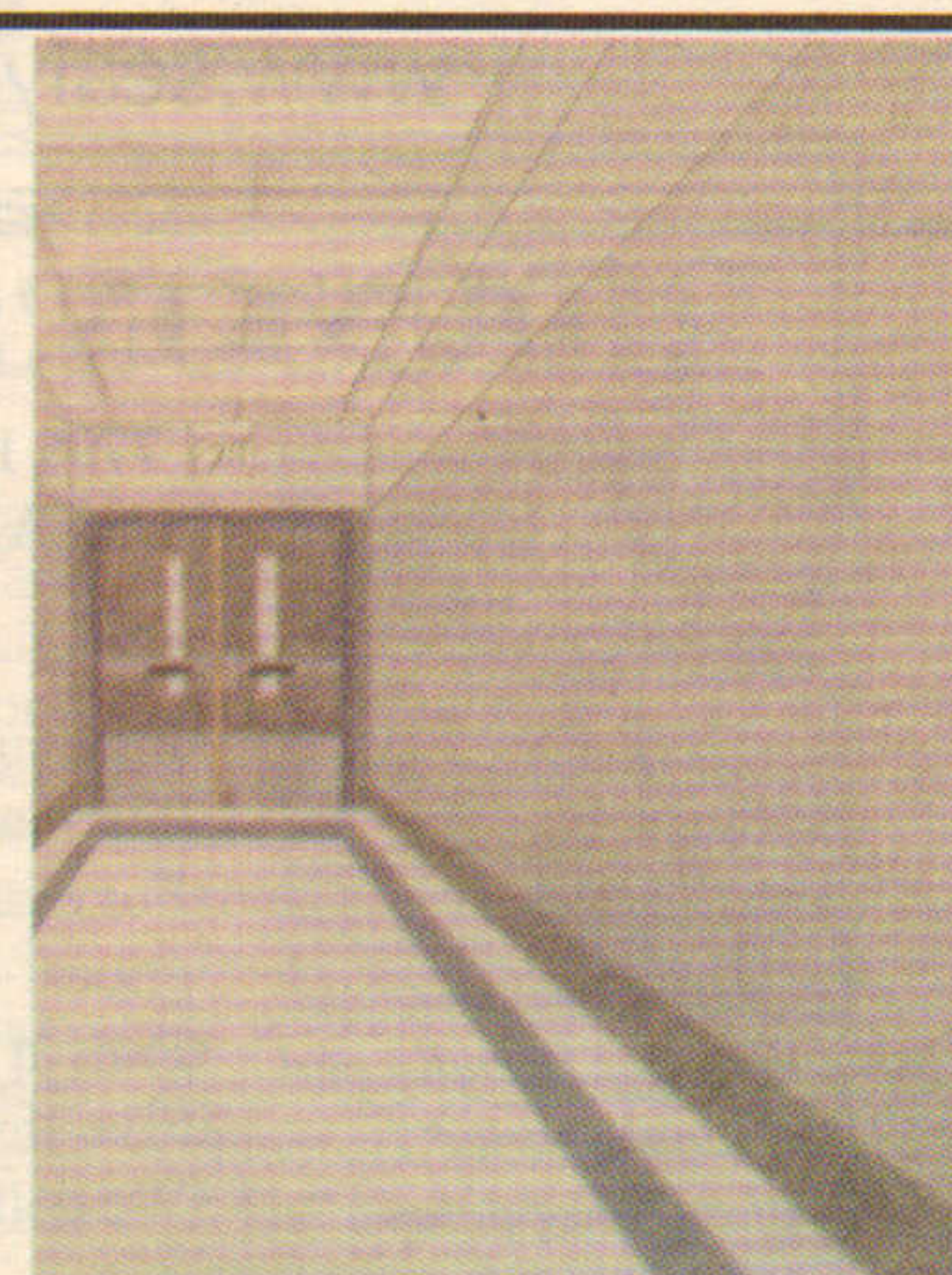
By Latasha
Williams

Entrances, Exits and Inside

Continued from Page 1



By Colby Oliver



By Kelly Prisoc